

AN
EVENING WALK.

An EPISTLE;

IN VERSE.

ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY,

FROM THE

LAKES

OF THE

NORTH OF ENGLAND.

BY

W. WORDSWORTH, B. A.

Of St. JOHN'S, CAMBRIDGE.

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ARGUMENT.

General Sketch of the Lakes—Author's Regret of his Youth passed amongst them—Short Description of Noon—Cascade Scene Noon-tide Retreat—Precipice and Sloping Lights—Face of Nature as the Sun declines—Mountain Farm, and the Cock—Slate Quarry—Sunset—Superstition of the Country, connected with that Moment—Swans—Female Beggar—Twilight Objects—Twilight Sounds—Western Lights—Spirits—Night—Moonlight—Hope—Night Sounds—Conclusion.

General Smith of the 1st Cavalry
has been ordered to the
front of the line. He will
be in command of the
cavalry. The 1st Cavalry
will be in the front of the
line. The 1st Cavalry will
be in the front of the line.



E R R A T A.

The Author is sorry to be under the necessity of apologizing for the accidental omission of the following paragraph, which ought to have been inserted after line 26.

Return Delights ! with whom my road begun,
 When Life rear'd laughing up her morning sun ;
 When Transport kifs'd away my april tear,
 " Rocking as in a dream the tedious year ;"
 When link'd with thoughtless Mirth I cours'd the plain,
 And hope itself was all I knew of pain.
 For then, ev'n then, the little heart would beat
 At times, while young Content forsook her seat,
 And wild Impatience, panting upward, shew'd
 Where tipp'd with gold the mountain-summits glow'd.
 Alas ! the idle tale of man is found
 Depicted in the dial's moral round ;
 With Hope Reflexion blends her social rays
 To gild the total tablet of his days ;
 Yet still, the sport of some malignant Pow'r,
 He knows but from its shade the present-hour.
 While, Memory at my side, &c.

Line 8, *for Rydales, read Rydale's*

Line 31, *for night, read nigh*

Line 70, *for strains, read strain*

End of line 178, *for a period, substitute a comma*

Line 231, *for Minden's charnel plain, read Bunker's charnel hill*

Line 294, *for weakens, read wakens.*

ERRATA

The following is a list of errors in the text of the book, and the corrections which have been made.

1. In the title page, the word "and" should be "of".
2. In the preface, the word "the" should be "a".
3. In the first chapter, the word "the" should be "a".
4. In the second chapter, the word "the" should be "a".
5. In the third chapter, the word "the" should be "a".
6. In the fourth chapter, the word "the" should be "a".
7. In the fifth chapter, the word "the" should be "a".
8. In the sixth chapter, the word "the" should be "a".
9. In the seventh chapter, the word "the" should be "a".
10. In the eighth chapter, the word "the" should be "a".
11. In the ninth chapter, the word "the" should be "a".
12. In the tenth chapter, the word "the" should be "a".
13. In the eleventh chapter, the word "the" should be "a".
14. In the twelfth chapter, the word "the" should be "a".
15. In the thirteenth chapter, the word "the" should be "a".
16. In the fourteenth chapter, the word "the" should be "a".
17. In the fifteenth chapter, the word "the" should be "a".
18. In the sixteenth chapter, the word "the" should be "a".
19. In the seventeenth chapter, the word "the" should be "a".
20. In the eighteenth chapter, the word "the" should be "a".
21. In the nineteenth chapter, the word "the" should be "a".
22. In the twentieth chapter, the word "the" should be "a".
23. In the twenty-first chapter, the word "the" should be "a".
24. In the twenty-second chapter, the word "the" should be "a".
25. In the twenty-third chapter, the word "the" should be "a".
26. In the twenty-fourth chapter, the word "the" should be "a".
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40. In the thirty-eighth chapter, the word "the" should be "a".
41. In the thirty-ninth chapter, the word "the" should be "a".
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52. In the fiftieth chapter, the word "the" should be "a".

AN EVENING WALK.

FAR from my dearest friend, 'tis mine to rove
Thro' bare grey dell, high wood, and pastoral cove;
His wizard course where hoary Derwent takes
Thro' craggs, and forest glooms, and opening lakes,
Staying his silent waves, to hear the roar 5
That stuns the tremulous cliffs of high Lodore:
Where silver rocks the savage prospect chear
Of giant yews that frown on Rydale's mere;
Where peace to Grasmere's lonely island leads,
To willowy hedgerows, and to emerald meads; 10
Leads to her bridge, rude church, and cottag'd grounds,
Her rocky sheepwalks, and her woodland bounds;
Where, bosom'd deep, the shy *Winander peeps
Mid' clust'ring isles, and holly-sprinkl'd steeps;

* These lines are only applicable to the middle part of that lake.

Where twilight glens endear my Eftwaite's shore, 15
And memory of departed pleasures, more.

Fair scenes! with other eyes, than once, I gaze,
The ever-varying charm your fount displays,
Than when, ere-while, I taught, "a happy child,"
The echoes of your rocks my carols wild: 20
Then did no ebb of chearfulness demand
Sad tides of joy from Melancholy's hand;
In youth's wild eye the livelong day was bright,
The fun at morning, and the stars of night,
Alike, when first the vales the bittern fills, 25
Or the first *woodcocks roam'd the moonlight hills.

See — Return Delights
While, Memory at my side, I wander here,
Starts at the simplest sight th' unbidden tear,
A form discover'd at the well-known feat,
A spot, that angles at the riv'let's feet, 30

* In the beginning of winter, these mountains, in the moonlight nights, are covered with immense quantities of woodcocks; which, in the dark nights, retire into the woods.

The Author is sorry to be under the necessity of apologizing for the accidental omission of the following paragraph, which ought to have been inserted after line 26. in The Evening Walk

Return Delights ! with whom my road begun,
When Life rear'd laughing up her morning sun ;
When Transport kiss'd away my april tear,
" Rocking as in a dream the tedious year ;"
When link'd with thoughtless Mirth I cours'd the plain,
And hope itself was all I knew of pain.
For then, ev'n then, the little heart would beat
At times, while young Content forsook her seat,
And wild Impatience, panting upward, show'd
Where tipp'd with gold the mountain-summits glow'd.
Alas ! the idle tale of man is found
Depicted in the dial's moral round ;
With Hope Reflexion blends her social rays
To gild the total tablet of his days ;
Yet still, the sport of some malignant Pow'r,
He knows but from its shade the present hour.
While, Memory at my side, &c.

The ray the cot of morning trav'ling nigh,
And fail that glides the well-known alders by.

But why, ungrateful, dwell on idle pain?
To shew her yet some joys to me remain,
Say, will my friend, with soft affection's ear, 35
The history of a poet's ev'ning hear?

When, in the south, the wan noon brooding still,
Breath'd a pale steam around the glaring hill,
And shades of deep embattl'd clouds were seen
Spotting the northern cliffs with lights between; 40
Gazing the tempting shades to them deny'd,
When stood the shorten'd herds amid' the tide,
Where, from the barren walls unshelter'd end,
Long rails into the shallow lake extend;
When school-boys stretch'd their length upon the green, 45
And round the humming elm, a glimmering scene!

In the brown park, in flocks, the troubl'd deer
 Shook the still twinkling tail and glancing ear ;
 When horses in the wall-girt *intake flood,
 Unshaded, eying far below, the flood, 50
 Crouded behind the fwain, in mute distress,
 With forward neck the closing gate to press ;
 And long, with wistful gaze, his walk survey'd,
 'Till dipp'd his pathway in the river shade ;

— Then Quiet led me up the huddling rill, 55
 Bright'ning with water-breaks the sombrous †gill ;
 To where, while thick above the branches close,
 In dark-brown bason its wild waves repose,
 Inverted shrubs, and moss of darkest green,
 Cling from the rocks, with pale wood-weeds between ; 60

* The word *intake* is local, and signifies a mountain-inclosure.

† Gill is also, I believe, a term confined to this country. Glen, gill, and dingle, have the same meaning.

Save that, atop, the subtle funbeams shine,
 On wither'd briars that o'er the craggs recline ;
 Sole light admitted here, a small cascade,
 Illumes with sparkling foam the twilight shade.
 Beyond, along the vista of the brook, 65
 Where antique roots its bustling path o'erlook,
 The eye reposes on a secret *bridge
 Half grey, half shagg'd with ivy to its ridge.

— Sweet rill, farewell ! To-morrow's noon again,
 Shall hide me wooing long thy wildwood strain ; 70
 But now the sun has gain'd his western road,
 And eve's mild hour invites my steps abroad.

While, near the midway cliff, the silver'd kite
 In many a whistling circle wheels her flight ;

* The reader, who has made the tour of this country, will recognize, in this description,
 the features which characterize the lower waterfall in the gardens of Rydale.

Slant wat'ry lights, from parting clouds a-pace, 75
 Travel along the precipice's base ;
 Chearing its naked waste of scatter'd stone
 By lichens grey, and scanty moss o'ergrown,
 Where scarce the foxglove peeps, and thistle's beard,
 And desert stone-chat, all day long, is heard. 80

How pleasant, as the yellowing sun declines;
 And with long rays and shades the landscape shines ;
 To mark the birches' stems all golden light,
 That lit the dark flant woods with silvery white !
 The willows weeping trees, that twinkling hoar, 85
 Glanc'd oft upturn'd along the breezy shore,
 Low bending o'er the colour'd water, fold
 Their moveless boughs and leaves like threads of gold ;
 The skiffs with naked masts at anchor laid,
 Before the boat-house peeping thro' the shade ; 90

Th' unwearied glance of woodman's echo'd stroke ;
And curling from the trees the cottage smoke.

Their pannier'd train a groupe of potters goad,
Winding from side to side up the steep road ;
The peasant from yon cliff of fearful edge 95
Shot, down the headlong pathway darts his sledge ;
Bright beams the lonely mountain horse illumine,
Feeding mid' purple heath, " *green rings," and broom ;
While the sharp slope the slacken'd team confounds,
† Downward the pond'rous timber-wain resounds ; 100
Beside their sheltering §cross of wall, the flock
Feeds on in light, nor thinks of winter's shock ;
In foamy breaks the rill, with merry song,
Dash'd down the rough rock, lightly leaps along,

* " Vivid rings of green."—GREENWOOD's Poem on Shooting.

† " Down the rough slope the pondrous waggon rings."

BEATTIE.

§ These rude structures, to protect the flocks, are frequent in this country : the traveller may recollect one in Withburne, another upon Whinlatter.

From

From lonesome chapel at the mountain's feet, 105
 Three humble bells their rustic chime repeat ;
 Sounds from the water-side the hammer'd boat ;
 And blasted quarry thunders heard remote.

Ev'n here, amid the sweep of endless woods,
 Blue pomp of lakes, high cliffs, and falling floods, 110
 Not undelightful are the simplest charms
 Found by the verdant door of mountain farms.

*Sweetly ferocious round his native walks,
 Gaz'd by his sister-wives, the monarch stalks ;
 Spur clad his nervous feet, and firm his tread, 115
 A crest of purple tops his warrior head.
 Bright sparks his black and haggard eye-ball hurls
 Afar, his tail he closes and unfurls ;

* "Dolcemente feroce."—Tasso.—In this description of the cock, I remembered a spirited one of the same animal in the *l'Agriculture ou Les Georgiques Françaises*, of M. Roffuet.

Whose

Whose state, like pine-trees, waving to and fro,
 Droops, and o'er canopies his regal brow, 120
 On tiptoe rear'd he blows his clarion throat,
 Threaten'd by faintly answering farms remote.

Bright'ning the cliffs between where fombrous pine,
 And yew-trees o'er the silver rocks recline,
 I love to mark the quarry's moving trains, 125
 Dwarf pannier'd steeds, and men, and numerous wains :
 How busy the enormous hive within,
 While Echo dallies with the various din !
 Some hardly heard their chiffel's clinking sound,
 Toil, small as pigmies, in the gulph profound ; 130
 Some, dim between th' aëreal cliffs descry'd,
 O'erwalk the viewless plank from side to side ;
 These by the pale-blue rocks that ceaseless ring
 Glad from their airy baskets hang and sing.

Hung o'er a cloud, above the steep that rears 135
 It's edge all flame, the broad'ning sun appears ;
 A long blue bar it's ægis orb divides,
 And breaks the spreading of it's golden tides ;
 And now it touches on the purple steep
 That flings his shadow on the pictur'd deep. 140
 Cross the calm lakes blue shades the cliffs aspire,
 With tow'rs and woods a "prospect all on fire ;"
 The coves and secret hollows thro' a ray
 Of fainter gold a purple gleam betray ;
 The gilded turf arrays in richer green 145
 Each speck of lawn the broken rocks between ;
 Deep yellow beams the scatter'd holes illume,
 Far in the level forest's central gloom ;
 Waving his hat, the shepherd in the vale
 Directs his winding dog the cliffs to scale, 150
 That, barking busy 'mid the glittering rocks,
 Hunts, where he points, the intercepted flocks ;

Where

Where oaks o'erhang the road the radiance shoots
 On tawny earth, wild weeds, and twisted roots;
 The *Druid stones their lighted fane unfold, 155
 And all the babbling brooks are liquid gold;
 †Sunk to a curve the day-star lessens still,
 Gives one bright glance, and sinks behind the hill.

In these lone vales, if aught of faith may claim,
 Thin silver hairs, and ancient hamlet fame; 160
 When up the hills, as now, retreats the light,
 Strange apparitions mock the village fight.

A desperate form appears, that spurs his steed,
 Along the midway cliffs with violent speed;

* Not far from Broughton is a Druid monument, of which I do not recollect that any tour descriptive of this country makes mention. Perhaps this poem may fall into the hands of some curious traveller, who may thank me for informing him, that up the Duddon, the river which forms the æstuary at Broughton, may be found some of the most romantic scenery of these mountains.

† From Thomson: see Scott's Critical Essays.

Unhurt pursues his lengthen'd flight, while all 165

Attend, at every stretch, his headlong fall.

Anon, in order mounts a gorgeous show

Of horsemen shadows winding to and fro ;

And now the van is gilt with evening's beam,

The rear thro' iron brown betrays a fullen gleam, 170

*Loft gradual o'er the heights in pomp they go,

While silent stands th' admiring vale below ;

Till, but the lonely beacon all is fled,

That tips with eve's last gleam his spiry head.

Now while the solemn evening Shadows fail, 175

On red flow-waving pinions down the vale,

And, fronting the bright west in stronger lines,

The oak its dark'ning boughs and foliage twines,

* See a description of an appearance of this kind in Clark's Survey of the Lakes, accompanied with vouchers of its veracity, that may amuse the reader.

I love

I love beside the glowing lake to stray,
 Where winds the road along the secret bay ;
 By rills that tumble down the woody steeps,
 And run in transport to the dimpling deeps ;
 Along the "wild meand'ring shore" to view,
 Obsequious Grace the winding swan pursue.
 He swells his lifted chest, and backward flings 185
 His bridling neck between his tow'ring wings ;
 Stately, and burning in his pride, divides
 And glorying looks around, the silent tides :
 On as he floats, the silver'd waters glow,
 Proud of the varying arch and moveless form of snow. 190
 While tender Cares and mild domestic Loves,
 With furtive watch pursue her as she moves ;
 The female with a meeker charm succeeds,
 And her brown little ones around her leads,
 Nibbling the water lilies as they pass, 195
 Or playing wanton with the floating grafs :

She

She in a mother's care, her beauty's pride
 Forgets, unwearied watching every fide,
 She calls them near, and with affection sweet
 Alternately relieves their weary feet ; 200

*Alternately they mount her back, and rest
 Close by her mantling wings' embraces preft.

Long may ye roam these hermit waves that sleep,
 In birch-besprinkl'd cliffs embosom'd deep ;
 These fairy holms untrodden, still, and green, 205
 Whose shades protect the hidden wave serene ;
 Whence fragrance scents the water's desert gale,
 The violet, and the §lily of the vale ;
 Where, tho' her far-off twilight ditty steal,
 They not the trip of harmless milkmaid feel. 210

* This is a fact of which I have been an eye-witness.

§ The lily of the valley is found in great abundance in the smaller islands of Winandermere.

Yon tuft conceals your home, your cottage bow'r,
 Fresh water rushes strew the verdant floor;
 Long grafs and willows form the woven wall,
 And fwings above the roof the poplar tall.
 Thence iffuing oft, unwieldly as ye stalk,
 Ye crush with broad black feet your flow'ry walk;
 Safe from your door ye hear at breezy morn,
 The hound, the horse's tread, and mellow horn;
 At peace inverted your lithe necks ye lave,
 With the green bottom ftrewing o'er the wave;
 No ruder found your defart haunts invades,
 Than waters dashing wild, or rocking shades.
 Ye ne'er, like hapless human wanderers, throw
 Your young on winter's winding fheet of fnow.

Fair fwan! by all a mother's joys carefs'd,
 Haply fome wretch has ey'd, and call'd thee blefs'd;

Who

Who faint, and beat by summer's breathless ray,
 Hath dragg'd her babes along this weary way;
 While arrowy fire extorting feverish groans
 Shot stinging through her stark o'erlabour'd bones. 230

—With backward gaze, lock'd joints, and step of pain,
 Her feat scarce left, she strives, alas! in vain,
 To teach their limbs along the burning road
 A few short steps to totter with their load,
 Shakes her numb arm that slumbers with its weight, 235

And eyes through tears the mountain's shadeless height;
 And bids her foldier come her woes to share,
 Asleep on ^{Bunker's}Minden's charnel ^{hill}plain afar;
 For hope's deserted well why wistful look?
 Chok'd is the pathway, and the pitcher broke. 240

I see her now, deny'd to lay her head,
 On cold blue nights, in hut or straw-built shed;
 Turn to a silent smile their sleepy cry,
 By pointing to a shooting star on high:

I hear

I hear, while in the forest depth he fees, 245
 The Moon's fix'd gaze between the opening trees,
 In broken sounds her elder grief demand,
 And skyward lift, like one that prays, his hand,
 If, in that country, where he dwells afar,
 His father views that good, that kindly star; 250
 —Ah me! all light is mute amid the gloom,
 The interlunar cavern of the tomb.
 —When low-hung clouds each star of summer hide,
 And fireless are the valleys far and wide,
 Where the brook brawls along the painful road, 255
 Dark with bat haunted ashes stretching broad,
 The distant clock forgot, and chilling dew,
 Pleas'd thro' the dusk their breaking smiles to view,
 Oft has she taught them on her lap to play
 Delighted, with the glow-worm's harmless ray 260
 Toss'd light from hand to hand; while on the ground
 Small circles of green radiance gleam around.

D

Oh!

Oh ! when the bitter showers her path assail,
 And roars between the hills the torrent gale,
 —No more her breath can thaw their fingers cold, 265
 Their frozen arms her neck no more can fold ;
 Scarce heard, their chattering lips her shoulder chill,
 And her cold back their colder bosoms thrill ;
 All blind she wilders o'er the lightless heath,
 Led by Fear's cold wet hand, and dogg'd by Death ; 270
 Death, as she turns her neck the kifs to seek,
 Breaks off the dreadful kifs with angry shriek.
 Snatch'd from her shoulder with despairing moan,
 She clasps them at that dim-seen roofless stone.—
 “ Now ruthless Tempest launch thy deadliest dart !
 Fall fires—but let us perish heart to heart.” 275
 Weak roof a cowering form two babes to shield,
 And faint the fire a dying heart can yield ;
 Press the sad kifs, fond mother ! vainly fears
 Thy flooded cheek to wet them with its tears ; 180

Soon

Soon shall the Light'ning hold before thy head
 His torch, and shew them slumbering in their bed,
 No tears can chill them, and no bosom warms,
 Thy breast their death-bed, coffin'd in thine arms.

Sweet are the sounds that mingle from afar, 285
 Heard by calm lakes, as peeps the folding star,
 Where the duck dabbles mid the rustling sedge,
 And feeding pike starts from the water's edge,
 Or the swan stirs the reeds, his neck and bill
 Wetting, that drip upon the water still ; 290
 And heron, as resounds the trodden shore,
 Shoots upward, darting his long neck before.
 While, by the scene compos'd, the breast subsides,
 Nought wakens or disturbs it's tranquil tides ;
 Nought but the char that for the may-fly leaps, 295
 And breaks the mirror of the circling deeps ;
 Or clock, that blind against the wanderer borne,
 Drops at his feet, and stills his droning horn.

—The whistling fwain that plods his ringing way
 Where the slow waggon winds along the bay ; 300
 The *fugh of swallow flocks that twittering sweep,
 The solemn curfew fwinging long and deep ;
 The talking boat that moves with pensive sound,
 Or drops his anchor down with plunge profound ;
 Of boys that bathe remote the faint uproar, 305
 And restless piper wearying out the shore ;
 These all to swell the village murmurs blend,
 That soften'd from the water-head descend.
 While in sweet cadence rising small and still
 The far-off minstrels of the haunted hill, 310
 As the last bleating of the fold expires,
 Tune in the mountain dells their water lyres.

* Sugh, a Scotch word, expressive, as Mr. Gilpin explains it, of the sound of the motion of a stick through the air, or of the wind passing through the trees. See Burn's *Cotter's Saturday Night*.

Now with religious awe the farewell light
 Blends with the solemn colouring of the night ;
 Mid groves of clouds that crest the mountain's brow, 315
 And round the West's proud lodge their shadows throw,
 Like *Una shining on her gloomy way,
 The half seen form of Twilight roams astray ;
 Thence, from three paly loopholes mild and small,
 Slow lights upon the lake's still bosom fall, 320
 Beyond the mountain's giant reach that hides
 In deep determin'd gloom his subject tides.
 —Mid the dark steeps repose the shadowy streams,
 As touch'd with dawning moonlight's hoary gleams,
 Long streaks of fairy light the wave illumine 325
 With bordering lines of intervening gloom,

* Alluding to this passage of Spenser—

—— Her angel face

As the great eye of Heaven shined bright,

And made a sunshine in that shady place.

Soft

Soft o'er the surface creep the lustres pale
 Tracking with silvering path the changeful gale.
 —'Tis restless magic all ; at once the bright
 Breaks on the shade, the shade upon the light, 330
 Fair Spirits are abroad ; in sportive chase
 Brushing with lucid wands the water's face,
 While music stealing round the glimmering deeps
 Charms the tall circle of th' enchanted steep.
 —As thro' th' astonish'd woods the notes ascend, 335
 The mountain streams their rising song suspend ;
 Below Eve's listening Star, the sheep-walk stills
 It's drowsy tinklings on th' attentive hills ;
 The milkmaid stops her ballad, and her pail
 Stays it's low murmur in th' unbreathing vale ; 340
 No night-duck clamours for his wilder'd mate,
 Aw'd, while below the Genii hold their state.
 —The pomp is fled, and mute the wondrous strains,
 No wrack of all the pageant scene remains,

* So vanish those fair Shadows, human Joys, 345
 But Death alone their vain regret destroys.
 Unheeded Night has overcome the vales,
 On the dark earth the baffl'd vision fails,
 If peep between the clouds a star on high,
 There turns for glad repose the weary eye ; 350
 The latest lingerer of the forest train,
 The lone-black fir, forsakes the faded plain ;
 Last evening light, the cottage smoke no more,
 Loft in the deepen'd darkness, glimmers hoar ;
 High towering from the fullen dark-brown mere, 355
 Like a black wall, the mountain steeps appear,
 Thence red from different heights with restless gleam
 Small cottage lights across the water stream,
 Nought else of man or life remains behind
 To call from other worlds the wilder'd mind, 360

* So break those glittering shadows, human joys. YOUNG.

Till

Till pours the wakeful bird her solemn strains

* Heard by the night-calm of the watry plains.

—No purple prospects now the mind employ

Glowing in golden sunset tints of joy,

But o'er the sooth'd accordant heart we feel 365

A sympathetic twilight slowly steal,

And ever, as we fondly muse, we find

The soft gloom deep'ning on the tranquil mind.

Stay! pensive, sadly-pleasing visions, stay!

Ah no! as fades the vale, they fade away. 370

Yet still the tender, vacant gloom remains,

Still the cold cheek its shuddering tear retains.

The bird, with fading light who ceas'd to thread

Silent the hedge or steaming rivulet's bed,

From his grey re-appearing tower shall soon 378

Salute with boding note the rising moon,

* "Charming the night-calm with her powerful song." A line of one of our older poets.

Frosting with hoary light the pearly ground,
 And pouring deeper blue to Æther's bound ;
 Rejoic'd her solem pomp of clouds to fold
 In robes of azure, fleecy white, and gold, 380
 While rose and poppy, as the glow-worm fades,
 Checquer with paler red the thicket shades.

Now o'er the eastern hill, where Darknefs broods
 O'er all its vanish'd dells, and lawns, and woods ;
 Where but a mass of shade the light can trace, 385
 She lifts in silence up her lovely face ;
 Above the gloomy valley flings her light,
 Far to the western slopes with hamlets white ;
 And gives, where woods the checquer'd upland strew,
 To the green corn of summer autumn's hue. 390

Thus Hope, first pouring from her blessed horn
 Her dawn, far lovelier than the Moon's own morn ;
 'Till higher mounted, strives in vain to chear
 The weary hills, impervious, black'ning near ;

—Yet does she still, undaunted, throw the while 395
On darling spots remote her tempting smile.

—Ev'n now she decks for me a distant scene,
(For dark and broad the gulph of time between)
Gilding that cottage with her fondest ray,
(Sole bourn, sole wish, sole object of my way ; 400
How fair it's lawns and silvery woods appear !
How sweet it's streamlet murmurs in mine ear !)
Where we, my friend, to golden days shall rise,
'Till our small share of hardly-paining sighs
(For sighs will ever trouble human breath) 405
Creep hush'd into the tranquil breast of Death.

But now the clear-bright Moon her zenith gains,
And rimy without speck extend the plains ;
The deepest dell the mountain's breast displays,
Scarce hides a shadow from her searching rays ; 410
From the dark-blue "faint silvery threads" divide
The hills, while gleams below the azure tide ;

The

The scene is waken'd, yet its peace unbroke,
 By silver'd wreaths of quiet charcoal smoke,
 That, o'er the ruins of the fallen wood, 415
 Steal down the hills, and spread along the flood.

The song of mountain streams unheard by day,
 Now hardly heard, beguiles my homeward way.
 All air is, as the sleeping water, still,
 Lift'ning th' æreal music of the hill, 420
 Broke only by the slow clock tolling deep,
 Or shout that wakes the ferry-man from sleep,
 Soon follow'd by his hollow-parting oar,
 And echo'd hoof approaching the far shore;
 Sound of clos'd gate, across the water born, 525
 Hurrying the feeding hare thro' rustling corn;
 The tremulous sob of the complaining owl;
 And at long intervals the mill-dog's howl;
 The distant forge's swinging thump profound;
 Or yell in the deep woods of lonely hound. 430

THE END.

Just published, by the same Author,

DESCRIPTIVE SKETCHES.

IN VERSE.

TAKEN DURING A

PEDESTRIAN TOUR

IN THE

ITALIAN, GRISON, SWISS, AND SAVOYARD

A L P S.



—Loca pastorum deserta atque otia dis-

LUCRET.

Castella in tumulis—

—Et longe saltus lateque vacantes.

VIRGIL.